The Starcrossed Lovers of Hanlon's Motors and Mrs. K's

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by usnavi

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PROMPT: OMG i totally meant whipped **richie in my ask forgive me lol

Mrs. Kaspbrak makes a noise between a thud and an explosion downstairs, and Eddie rolls his eyes, muttering about his mother trying to get into the highest point of the pantry again, standing up and tugging on sweatpants underneath the huge Buddy Holly & The Crickets shirt he'd swiped off of Richie's already sparse wardrobe. Richie smiles at him. Eddie looks good like this.

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Author's Note:

> A/N: so. regardin my asks, and this fuckin one in particular. i was originally going to answer this earlier, but i kept makin different versions of it and it pissed me right the fuck off. so i decided i'd post all of them. i'd probably pick one and make into a full length fic but o fuckin well. it's hard, this.
>
> i'm on tumblr. drop by sometime

I. 80's. *The Starcrossed Lovers of Hanlon's Motors and Mrs. K's.*

Eddie sniffs as he curls closer to Richie, playing with the long fingers in the other boy's hands. They've been lying in bed for the better part of the day, Eddie's mom not even knowing that her own son's *gentleman caller* is here in her house, in her boy's bed, with her very own son draped on the town's local 'trouble maker'. Oh, if she knew. She'd probably cut off Richie's dick herself and make her son wear it like a rosary.

Not even nineteen and already branded as the worst person he can be in this shitty town. Like father, like son.

Richie knows Eddie thinks differently, though.

Richie moves to press a kiss on top of Eddie's unruly curls, not unlike the dark ones on Richie's own head, breathing in the sharp and familiar scent of sleepiness and watermelon that makes his heartbeat stall, and Eddie slowly tilts his head up, his lips spreading into a sleepy smile.

"What's up?" he asks as he laces his fingers through Richie's tough ones, and Richie looks down at him, wondering how the hell he got so fucking lucky.

Richie squeezes Eddie's fingers, "I need to go," he says easily, and

Eddie groans, pushing himself off Richie's body with a small hand on Richie's chest, turning his head to look at the dark sky outside.

He turns back to Richie, "Why not stay the night?" he asks.

The taller boy lets go of Eddie's hand in favour of starfishing his body across Eddie's soft bed, wondering indeed, *why not* stay the night and sleep in a comfortable bed for once? He's sure the cot at the autoshop isn't all that better, too. And Mike might be crashing there tonight, so Richie's not too sure where he'll spend his night if he did leave.

He mostly wants to just stay in bed with Eddie, but it's nice to have reasons.

Eddie is smiling smugly, knowing that Richie's extended silence means he's winning.

Mrs. Kaspbrak makes a noise between a thud and an explosion downstairs, and Eddie rolls his eyes, muttering about his mother trying to get into the highest point of the pantry again, standing up and tugging on sweatpants underneath the huge *Buddy Holly & The Crickets* shirt he'd swiped off of Richie's already sparse wardrobe. Richie smiles at him. Eddie looks good like this.

And then, the tell-tale sound of Mrs. Kaspbrak's laboured breathing came crawling up the stairs, and Eddie and Richie look at each other, their face both looks of panic and laughter, Richie moving quickly to put on his leather jacket, and Eddie cracking open his window, laughing to himself as Richie all but throws himself out of the window.

Richie presses a fleeting kiss to Eddie's lips as he slides down the slippery slope of the Kaspbrak's roofs and Eddie sticks half his body out to watch Richie disappear into the curb before the Kaspbrak residence, and Eddie sees him looking back one more time, so he mouths *'I'll see you tomorrow?'* in the most demanding way he can, and Richie salutes him before truly disappearing into the dark.

The boy by the window bites his lip before tugging himself back into his room and closing his window, just in time for his mother to pop into his room, yapping about cooking dinner.

Eddie smiles as he presses a comforting kiss to his mother's cheek, a high blush still on his cheeks as he helps her back down the stairs, promising to cook her favourite pasta dish for dinner.

"You ain't haggling me for shit, lady. I fixed your stupid headlights, so you're going to pay me my god-given right of fifty fucking dollars," Richie says easily as the stout woman in front of him complains loudly, her hands tiny little fists. She looks like an Oompa Loompa with anger management issues, and Richie doesn't know whether or not he should be alarmed or downright concerned.

No one in their right mind should *consciously* look like an Oompa Loompa.

Beverly snorts from her creeper, currently under a gorgeous Buick with red piping, and Richie shakes his head, tucking his unlit cigarette back behind his ear as the woman continues to bitch about the prices.

"Look, Kathy Bates," the woman looked offended at that, "you go to other auto repairs, they'll charge ya, what? A hundred dollars? Isn't that right, Bev?"

"Fuckin' A, right," Beverly shouts, her words followed by a loud drilling noise, her boots kicking out further from under the car in surprise.

Richie smirks and pushes up his glasses with greasy fingers, "So, you either pay me fifty dollars, or I break your headlights and you drive blind like a fucking idiot."

The woman rears back, obviously not used to a certain kind of breed like Richie Tozier, "The *disrespect*—!"

If Eddie were here, he'd probably take Richie by the ear and curse him and all his ancestors to the depths of hell. His boy's got a temper to be reckoned with and a misplaced respect for old people like this old fucking bat.

Richie sighs and pinches the bridge of his nose. This really isn't the

way he wanted to spend his day. It's like getting scammed out of actually having a good work day. How is it that every idiot with a nice car around Maine is either a money pincher or an uptight bitch, or a cross breed between the two, like this lady right in front of him. He *could* just pass her to Beverly, or, god forbid *Bill*, who will probably make off with a thousand dollars and a marriage proposal from this lady.

But he wants the satisfaction of seeing this wrinkly ass bitch forking over her precious fifty dollars into the hands of Derry's shittiest, so he crosses his arms and looks at her expectantly.

After three minutes, she huffs and sticks her hand into her bright yellow purse, pulling out a couple of bills and shoving it to Richie's sweaty chest, and Richie grins brightly, tipping his invisible hat to the woman, who demands for her keys and then drives away, her nose turned up in disgust, and Richie watches her go, before counting the crinkled two twenties and ten ones, and shoving it in his coveralls. He could buy Eddie his favourite jam doughnuts with this, and there's forty dollars for his savings account.

When Beverly finally crept out from under her car, Richie's stomach is growling, and the sun is high. He looks at the lunch Bill's Stan made for him and wonders. Should he just continue working or steal Bill's sandwich? It looks like it's BLT. Richie loves BLT.

Beverly nudges at his foot with her own, the steel toes of it making Richie hiss in surprise. She's re-tying her bright red hair as she looks at him, "You wanna grab some food down at Mrs. K's?" her pretty blue eyes twinkle.

Richie *knows* he flushes bright red because the girl giggles, snorting every now and again.

Not eager to let the girl have her cake and eat it, he wipes his greasy hand on her coveralls, making the girl huff in anger, "Yeah. I think it's Spaghetti Tuesday today,"

"Also, you'll see your baby *boy,*" she sing-songs annoyingly, and Richie rolls his eyes, but doesn't correct her, instead wondering if he can get Eddie to swipe him a piece of pie or two, or better yet, get

Eddie to put Richie's meal on *his* tab.

Their trek there is filled with ogling women in shorts shopping in the high-end part of Derry, and at the end of it all, is Mrs. K's, the pretty, pastel diner holding the love of Richie's sorry life. The bell attached to the door jingles, and Richie's heart soars when Eddie's voice rings true through the little diner.

"Welcome to Mrs. K's," Eddie's smile widens when he finally looks up at Richie, who winks at him and smiles back for a solid thirty seconds, moved along as Beverly nudges him with a laugh to their usual booth.

Eddie approaches them, looking beautiful in his red and white striped polo, a dirtied apron tied around his narrow waist, "May I take your order?"

Richie smirks, "*Sure* you can, Eddie Spaghetti—"

Beverly talks over him, "We'll get two of Mrs. K's Carbonara and two Coca-Colas,"

The curly haired boy shakes his head at her antics and tugs his cigarette from behind his ear.

"Coming right up," Eddie pauses for a moment, taking in their appearances, "and please don't smoke in my diner. I'll make Ben throw you out." He then smiles pleasantly, looking like the world's most accommodating waiter, before walking away.

Richie slowly puts his cigarette back behind his ear.

When he turns to look at Beverly, who looks happy as she turns one of the napkins into a paper airplane, he hums in thought. There's this silent agreement, in Hanlon's Motors. Since being… well, a *homo* isn't exactly the most endearing thing to be in Derry, they all look out for each other. Bill's *Stan*, the curly haired librarian's assistant from Downtown, Richie's *Eddie*, the lovely son of a devout Christian woman who runs the town's only diner and pharmacy, and Beverly's *Cherry Rogers*, the darling daughter of the town's mayor.

He's always thought that Beverly aspired to be many things, and

being the most daring of them all is one of them.

When their orders arrive, Eddie slides in beside Beverly, taking a fork and pulling a bite from Richie's plate. Beverly purses her lips and looks at Richie smugly. He sneers and surreptitiously flips her off, letting Eddie get away with more than two forkfuls of pasta.

"How's your day at the workshop?" Eddie asks as he leans over to Beverly, demanding she feed him some of her carbonara, and Beverly shakes her head, before pointing to Richie, who *really* doesn't want to give Eddie his pasta, but he does, and Eddie's sweet smile makes up for it.

Dare he say Eddie's gorgeous smile has gotten him full to the brim.

Beverly shrugs as she watches her pasta swirl, "Same old, same old. Richie got into a fight with an old lady,"

Eddie raises an eyebrow, "Richie," he says sternly, "I told you not to fight with your elders. Remember what happened last time?"

Oh, boy, does Richie remember. His left thigh still has the *battle wounds* from it. Never anger old women who can garden. Though that woman must be part of the KGB or the fucking Secret Service because no old woman has the right to wield a gardening spade like that.

"She was asking for it, being the fucking money pincher that she is,"

Eddie looks downright terrifying with his patented Glare of Neutral Disappointment.

When they leave, he doesn't get Eddie to give their food to them for free. He doesn't get a piece of pie, either.

But for consolation, the small brunet tugs him back by the wrist and presses a swift kiss to his cheek, "I'll see you at dinner, later?" he demands, a pretty blush on his cheeks, before stepping away. Only Eddie Kaspbrak can look like the world's shiest schoolboy while demanding something from his boyfriend.

Richie is dumb-founded as he finds the voice to speak out, too

surprised that Eddie would actually kiss him in the middle of the day, in the busiest district of Derry. Beverly only smiles as she shoves her hands in her pockets.

He swallows around the proud, loving bump in his throat, “Y-yeah,” he clears his throat, “I’ll see you.” a wink is thrown, and Richie admires Eddie’s red face, having this uncontrollable urge to just tuck his hair behind his ears before Beverly tugs him away.

Beverly sings in his ear, as they walk away, “You’re fuck-*iiin’* wh*iiipped*,”

When he thinks it’s over, she continues, his cheeks as red as her hair, “*Worse, you’re in love*.”